

Dakota County Herald

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Captain Amundsen will use polar bears for his dash to the pole. This sounds logical.

The simplest of simple lives is said to be the one best thing for the editor. Let us read the proof.

It will be seen that the deceased wives' sisters have begun to marry their deceased sisters' husbands.

Surprising how many of these successful air ship trips end in the machine being crumpled home in a farmer's wagon.

That Chicago family which has lived in a motor car for a year may have been driven to it by the servant girl question.

The New York woman who is living with a bullet in her brain is going to have considerable trouble getting it off her mind.

Without wishing to work off a pun, we would rise to remark that it seems about time for civilization to apply the strap to Morocco.

One scientist's guess as to the conditions that prevail on the planet Mars probably is as good as any other scientist's, if not a little better.

Captain Mahan has just published another book on the science of war. In spite of the efforts of peace congresses such books always seem to be timely.

A New York man who sat down on an inverted carpet tack recovered his powers of speech which had been lost for fourteen years. Guess what was the first thing he said.

The "Esperanto waltz" has arrived. It is probably intended to enable the speakers to say something more than "Don't the music lovely?" or "What a splendid floor this is."

The Katanansan Kagalinggaling Katsipan is the name of a Filipino secret society. If the password is of like length they must have hard work getting a quarum before the hour of adjournment.

A man and his wife quarreled over a feather bed; the man's wife left him, and he went out into his back yard and blew his brains out. Now he has no use for the feather bed. How easily some things are settled, after all.

New York millionaires are buying homes in Paris. Where will the Eastern movement cease? The millionaire makes his money in the West and cannot be satisfied until he has a home on Fifth avenue or near it. Then he begins to want to live in London, and after London Paris appeals to him. From Paris he may go to Turkey or Persia.

Numerous inscriptions in Latin were cut on the new building for the Department of Agriculture in Washington. The head of the department discovered the other day that some of them are in bad Latin, and ordered them all erased and recut in plain English. There is no better reason for inscribing American public buildings with Latin than there would have been for putting inscriptions in Greek or Sanskrit on the public buildings in ancient Rome. The theory that there is a peculiar virtue in a foreign tongue is widely held. In France translations of German and Italian operas in American operas, translations made at the demand of music-loving Frenchmen, who insist that they shall understand the language sung to them.

There is a large class of citizens in every country who distrust banks and dislike to go to them with small sums. The result is that a great deal of money is kept out of circulation by hoarding. In the United States the amount thus carried on the person or secreted is not less than \$500,000,000. Its owners would be willing to let the government have the money, and there would be no peskier runs. At any postoffice funds can be withdrawn at any time, as the account is virtually a national letter of credit. In England the rate of interest paid is 2 1/2 per cent, and the minimum deposit received is 1 shilling, though there is a provision for penny savings, by means of cards on which stamps are affixed a penny at a time up to a shilling, when a regular deposit can be made. No one can deposit more than \$250 in a year, nor more than \$750 as a total, and when the principal and interest reach \$1,000 interest ceases, which rule induces the depositor to invest his \$1,000 elsewhere. By the British system the empire is the bank, with every postoffice a branch and all postmasters agents. Through their postoffices the people may invest in national securities, insure their lives or buy government annuities.

The older leaders of the woman suffrage movement in the United States had to suffer many serious disappointments. In fact, after devoting their lives to the cause, they found that it had made little progress, and to-day Ida Husted Harper, writing for the North American Review, declares that though there has been the longest and hardest struggle for it here the success of the effort has been small. She says that it does not tend "to stimulate an American woman's national pride to reflect that this may be the last of civilized countries to grant women a voice in their own government." And she adds: "Let this fact be remembered—it is the only one where women have been left to fight this battle alone, with no moral, financial or political support from the men." This rebuke comes after a review of the fight for woman suffrage throughout the world, from which we make the following list of countries that have granted the demand for it:

whole or in part: In New Zealand women have had the full franchise since 1893. All the Australian states except Victoria have conferred the state franchise on women, and women have full federal suffrage and the right to sit in the federal parliament. In the summary on Australia we read: "At some elections not only a larger percentage but actually a larger number of women than of men have voted. Last year in Tasmania women outnumbered the men at every polling station. It is also everywhere apparent that they have aroused the men to a new sense of their political duty." In the Danish colony of Iceland widows and spinners who are householders or who maintain a family or themselves have a right to vote for parish and town councils and district boards and visitors and are eligible for election to all the offices for which they can vote. In Finland women have the full franchise and the office-holding rights of men, including the right to sit in parliament. In Norway women who pay taxes on property to the value of \$75 in the country and \$110 in the cities were admitted to the municipal franchise in 1901 and made eligible to serve in the common councils. Later the parliamentary franchise was granted to all who pay taxes on an income of \$84 in the country and \$115 in the cities. "Wives can vote on the husband's income, and even domestic servants to entitle them to vote." It is expected that the concessions already made will soon result in the abolition of the property qualification and the admission of women to the polls on the same terms with men. In Sweden widows and single women and married women who pay taxes on their own property have the municipal franchise on the same terms as men. Some form of woman suffrage is enjoyed in all the provinces of Canada, and in Great Britain women have the right to participate in local elections. This is a statement of results actually accomplished, but it does not fully indicate the progress of the movement, since the campaigning is being carried on with great vigor in the chief countries of the world and is making recruits rapidly.

WORLD'S LARGEST STACK.
Foundation for Wonderful Smoke Conveyer Is Progressing.
Ten thousand tons of concrete is being used in the foundation for the 500-foot smokestack in course of construction by the Boston and Montreal Mining Company at Indian Point, just across the river from Great Falls, Mont., says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. When completed the stack will be the largest in the world, having a diameter of fifty feet inside at the top. Under charge of Chief Engineer Scotten of the Boston and Montana Company, in this city, the work of making the foundation has been started, and the great concrete mixer is pouring 250 tons of the mixed article daily into the great hole which marks the foundation of the big stack.

The building company agreed to have the stack ready for turning back to the smelter company Nov. 1 of this year, but it is not certain that the work will be completed in the time originally specified.

Although the foundation lies in sight of the city, and within a few minutes of the street car line, but few people have seen the starter for the big stack, or realize its proportions.

One of the necessities for the building of the big stack was the building of a railroad to the top of the hill for the bringing up of supplies, which was not completed until a few weeks since. The new road, with its branches, is about four miles in length.

The stack will be the highest structure of similar kind in the world, except the Eiffel tower in Paris and the Washington monument in the nation's capital, being but about forty-nine feet lower than the latter. In the scaffolding necessary to building there will be 500,000 feet of lumber. When completed it will be the eighth wonder of the world, and already is attracting the attention of scientific men throughout the country.

The Story of a Shark.
While cruising among the South Sea Islands thirty odd years ago in our private yacht, the Hante Flyer, we were much annoyed by a large Irish setter shark that persisted in following the ship. During the night the shark would often climb up on deck and tip over the garbage can. At one time Henry Williams, a sailor before the mast, was bitten on the leg by the brute. He aimed a kick at the shark, who growled, showed his teeth and sunk his fangs in Williams' limb before leaping over the rail into the sea.

One day the cook, annoyed at his alarm clock—which persisted in going off furiously at all hours of the night—threw the timepiece overboard. The shark, always on hand for dainty titbits from the galley, took the time of day at one gulp. For two days after that we heard the clock going off in a muffled way from the interior of the surprised shark, who was often seen with one fin on his head and the other on the pit of his stomach, evidently trying to diagnose his clock case.

We were standing on the stern of the ship one evening watching the shark, who was evidently feeling pretty sick. Suddenly the clock went off on him, and the sailors, counting the strokes, noticed that it struck twenty-three. When the shark heard this he turned up and died before our eyes.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Literary Items.
"They say very few authors sleep more than seven hours a day."
"But think how much slumber they furnish other people."

Let a man practice industry, thrift, temperance and decency, and he cannot very well avoid being prosperous, if he keeps his health. The unfortunate are nearly always those who do not accept the lessons of experience. They let "agents" give them advice; and "agents" always make a profit on advice they give.

Money must be tight when a man is shy of loose change.

ARCHAEOLOGISTS IN PALESTINE CONFIRM BIBLE NARRATIVE

Diggers in Levitical City of Gezer discover the Palace of Simon Maccabean, and throw new light on the Amorite Civilization of 3000 years ago

More and more corroboration of the historical data of the Old Testament is derived from archaeological explorations in Palestine. Enthusiasm in this work was greatly stimulated by the discovery and deciphering of the Moabite stone and again by the finding of the Sileam inscription. Both these achievements throw a strong light upon some obscure points in the ancient topography of the Land of Israel. Now we have a discovery, equally important and perhaps more so, in that it identifies the city of Gezer, of which Horam was king—whom Joshua smote, "him and his people, until he had left him none remaining."

The agents of the Palestine Exploration Fund have uncovered the site of Gezer and have found there indisputable signs of its existence, its greatness and the thrilling nature of its history. Its inhabitants and its king, whom Joshua smote the city and land pertaining to it to the children of Israel, "for a possession according to their divisions," did not kill or expel all of the Canaanites. The expression in the text "until he left him none remaining," doubtless refers to King Horam's army only, for it is distinctly stated in Judges, i, 29, that "Ephraim (the tribe) drove not out the Canaanites that dwelt in Gezer, but the Canaanites dwelt in Gezer among them."

Burned by Pharaoh.
The city proper was allotted after the conquest by Joshua to the Kohathite Levites, but they appear never to have dominated the Canaanites within its walls. Even to the time of Solomon the Canaanites were still dwelling there. It is supposed that the city had become practically independent of Israel, although possibly it was still nominally under the latter's rule. One of the Pharaohs burned the city and slew the Canaanites. This statement in I Kings would seem to imply that the Canaanites had absorbed or assimilated the Hebrews who had dwelt with them. Pharaoh then gave the city to his daughter, one of Solomon's wives. Solomon immediately rebuilt and fortified it.

The search for Gezer has proceeded for several generations. Though many times referred to in the Old Testament, it is always with such extreme vagueness that the situation of the city could not be determined thereby. It is known now that its site was on the line of the great highway between Egypt and Syria, commanding the approach from the south to Jerusalem. Its very great relative importance is therefore apparent. There is no doubt that eager efforts will be made by archaeologists to obtain further significant relics from its site. Those that have already been brought to light by the agents of the Palestine Exploration Fund may justly be regarded as invaluable. There is abundant ground for the belief that Gezer was the chief city of the Canaanites. It seems to have been the central town of the Philistines when David made war upon them. In I Chronicles it is recorded that "David did as God commanded him; and they smote the host of the Philistines from Gibeon even to Gezer."

A few years ago it was pretty well agreed that Tell Jezr, near the village of Abu Shurshah, four miles from Amwas, the ancient Nicopolis mentioned by Eusebius, lying to the right of the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, about 20 miles from the latter city, was a probable site of ancient Gezer. Blocks of unburnt stone and piles of broken pottery marked the spot. Here were found the remains of a rock, one containing the name Aikhus in Greek letters, the other the words, "The Boundary of Gezer" in the Hebrew character of the Maccabean period.

Here was enough on which to base the belief already mentioned, but not to justify a feeling of certainty. The agents of the Exploration Fund recently excavated the ground in question. The results have been very remarkable. Gezer was a "High Place," a center of heathen worship, such as the Jews were frequently commanded to destroy. The ordinary furniture of the Canaanite "High Place," or shrine, consisted of an altar, near which stood a stone pillar, the Masebah, and a sacred tree, the Asherah—probably connected with the primitive practice of tree worship and stone worship. "Asherah" is rendered "groves" in the English Bible.

Architectural Remains.
Among other things was found a circular pit close to a shrine which has provoked wide speculation. Within the pit was brought to light a small brazen serpent like a cobra. This has led to the conjecture that the pit contained sacred snakes and that the shrine of Gezer was a parallel to the famous sacred resort of Cos.

The discovery of the Moabite stone was made amidst the ruins of Dabab, one of the vanished cities whose remains strew the lefty plains of Moab beyond the Jordan, now the camping ground of the Bedouin Arab. This monument is a slab or block of basalt, about three and a half feet long by two feet in breadth and thickness, bearing on one side an inscription in Phoenician characters. The language closely resembles the Aramaic. The inscription is supposed to belong to the ninth century before Christ. The tablet tells its own tale. It is a historical memorial, erected by Mesha, King of Moab, recounting his wars with Omri, King of Israel; the capture of Ataroth, a city of the Gadidites, the slaughter of the men, the reservation of the women and the carrying away of the vessels (Jehovah) as an offering to Chemosh, the god of that country. The inscription fills a gap in the account of the reign of King Omri given in the books of Kings.

The Lovers.
First Friend—I see Jack and Molly have made it up again. Why was the engagement broken off?
Second Friend—They had a quarrel as to which loved the other the most.
The people who hear disagreeable things about their friends usually help along by "talking" a little.

SCENES IN MOORISH BATTLES.



FRENCH AND ALGERIAN TROOPS WITH RAPID-FIRE BATTERY REPULSING A CHARGE BY ARAB HORSEMEN.



MULAI HAFID SELF DECLARED SULTAN OF MOROCCO IN PLACE OF HIS BROTHER, MULAI AZIZ.

THE ART OF LOBBYING.

How National Legislators Can Be Coaxed or Driven as Desired.
Lobbying is like driving cows. There are times when it is best to say: "Shut, boss! Come, bossy! Nice bossy!" and to shake the peck measure, invitingly, says Gilson Gardner in Success. And then there are other times when the only thing to do is to get behind and holler and throw sticks into the air. At heart Congressmen are timid creatures, and a big noise is often mistaken by them for big danger.

It was the "big noise" method that was adopted by the railway brotherhoods to "shoo" the Senate back from passing an anti-pass bill which would cover railway employes and their families. A representative of the organization who sat daily in the reserved gallery sent out a telegram of warning. The response was spectacular and historic. It is known as the "rain of telegrams." They began to come early in the day. They continued until dark, and the desk of every Senator was piled with scores of personal entreaties. All that night they kept on coming. The Western Union Company was swamped, and Superintendent Collins called on Philadelphia and Baltimore for operators. All that night and the following day the telegrams poured in. It is estimated that there were no less than 30,000, and the tolls on them amounted to \$30,000. And in the Senate Democrats voted with Republicans for a chance to get the floor and to offer an amendment exempting the noisy class. It was never intended, they explained, that railway employes should be made to pay their fares, nor yet their families, nor railway lawyers, nor railway doctors, nor their families; nor the sick, nor the indigent, nor the homeless, nor any man looking for a job in the grain fields. And so the Senate framed up that momentarily foolish list of exceptions to an otherwise good law.

Brought to Terms.
In the Drayton household it is said that the father of the family has a way of presenting alternatives to his children that never fails to bring them into line.
"I wish you would speak to Bobby," said Mrs. Drayton one night. "I've told him to take his medicine and then jump into bed, and he won't do it. He just hops round, and says he doesn't want to take the medicine and he doesn't want to go to bed."
Mr. Drayton stepped to the door of Bobby's room, and stood there, tall, grace and impressive.
"Bobby," he said, firmly, "if you don't take your medicine at once and then jump into bed, you will be put to bed, do you hear me, put to bed, without having your medicine at all!"
Upon which Bobby, alarmed and confused, swallowed his allotted portion and meekly retired for the night.

History of Lead Pencils.
Used in a Primitive Form Back in the Middle Ages.
It is difficult to determine the exact period in which "black lead" was first utilized as an instrument for writing or drawing, as it has been confused with other mineral bodies to which it bears no relation. The ancients used lead, but the metal was formed into flat plates and the edges of these plates used to make the mark. If an ornamental design was desired the scribe drew parallel lines and traced their illuminated designs, usually with a hard point, and also with soft lead. That lead was known to the an-

OLD GLOUCESTER BY THE SEA.

Quaint Town in Massachusetts Where Artists Find Open Sesame. Nowhere on the New England coast is the white umbrella more in evidence than in the quaint old town of Gloucester, says Town and Country. From under its grateful shelter one looks out upon the varied scenes which have inspired such masters of the brush as Deynecq, Twachtman, Childs Hassam and a score of others, who in years past have set up their easels and found a painter's joy in the wealth of color, variety and picturesque of this old town by the sea. More than 200 years have passed over its spires, roofs and wharves, dulling into perfection those tints which only time can transfer. Not only wharves and ships are transferred to the canvas, but quaint streets, with their houses perched upon rocks, which crop out in a manner almost peculiar to the passer-by. Old-fashioned gardens glowing with color from early



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June, when the heavy-headed, white, red and pink peonies open to the sunshine, until late September, when the tall and stately dahlias stand guard and gorgeous masses of golden glow facilitate the artist to pause and empty his tubes of precious cadmium upon the canvas.

All this for the asking. "May I paint in the beautiful garden?" "Shall I be in the way upon the wharf?" Just a hint of courtesy is the open sesame, for the dwellers of Gloucester are courteous and kindly disposed toward the painter, unless he be a careless one and leaves behind him his paint rags, which the family cow takes as a perquisite and which promptly causes her death; or, should smudge of paint be found on linen bleaching in the sun, the smiles of the welcome are no more and the innocent must suffer with the guilty. A few modern studios there are, but for the most part the artist must hand up his canvases in the old fish houses on the village street; or, if he is very fortunate, he may secure for an atelier an old barn at the foot of a grassy slope, bordering on the very edge of the water, and long known as "The Steeple," a studio shop for a number of years, and frequented by all visitors who wished quaint and artistic souvenirs of Gloucester.

Bees at Every Man's Door.
Bee hives on every front porch, giving each family a supply of delicious honey close at hand, while at the same time the bees will indicate their lesson of industry, are a possibility, for the Department of Agriculture has succeeded in importing from abroad what may be termed a peaceful bee, which finds our tickle climate to its liking.

The newcomer is known as the Caucasian bee. The name is derived from its native locality, and is emphasized by habits of life which rank it distinctly as the white man's bee. It is civilized, dignified, and high toned. It rushes with reluctance into anything that smacks of warfare, having, in place of the belligerent instincts of others of its class, a predisposition to arbitration.

It must not be inferred, however, that the Caucasian has no sting at all. Physically it is constituted much as other bees and has an equal capacity for inflicting a wound, but its weapon is sheathed in peace and used only in cases of extreme emergency.

There is a truly stingless bee, which is a Latin-American, but which has a strong indisposition to work, and when temporary fits of industry seize it its labors are done in a half-hearted sort of way, and without plan or system. It will follow no architectural plan in storing honey, and all efforts to cross it with its Caucasian relative have been unsuccessful.

Why Safety Matches Strike on Glass.
There are two reasons why ordinary safety matches can be struck on smooth glass. The head of the safety match is composed of a mixture of sulphide of antimony, chlorate of potassium and powdered glass. A comparatively small increase of temperature will cause this to ignite. Not glass is a bad conductor of heat, but the rapid passage of the sun's rays over it raises the temperature of substance sufficiently for that purpose. When the glass is rough the friction causes away the loosely combining mixture before the temperature rises to the point of ignition; hence, the composition of the match head, the two circumstances which answer the question are the comparative smoothness of the glass and its imperviousness to heat.

Picture Was All Right.
Kathleen—Well, mother, do you think it a success? Is the painting like me?
Mother—Yes, the portrait is excellent; but no one would think that dry-cleaning your poor father 50 guineas.—*London Tatler.*

The longer we live, the more we admire agreeable people, and the less we think of a grouch.